CREATURES ON THE LOOSE
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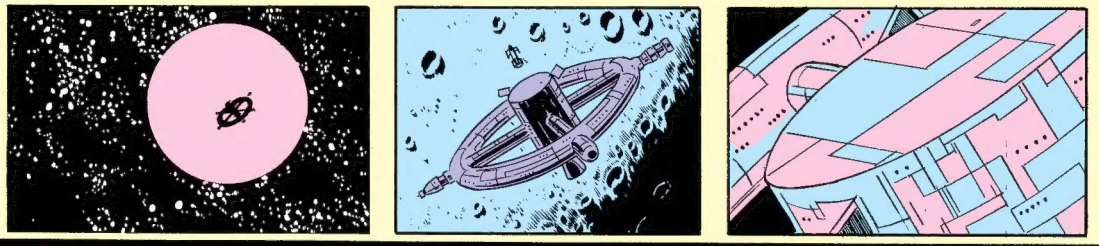
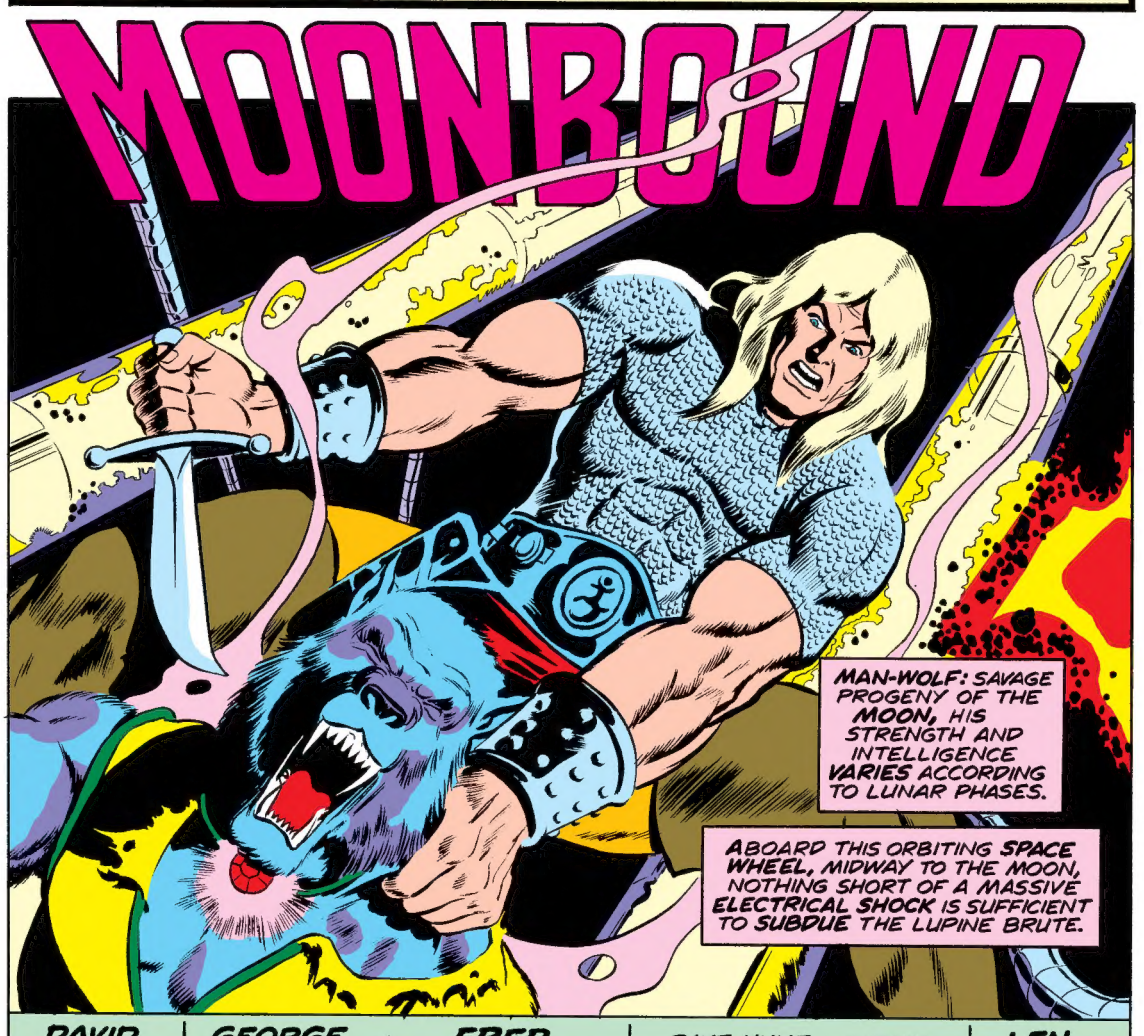
CREATURES ON THE LOOSE™
FEATURING
MAN-WOLF™
IN A MOONBOUND SATELLITE THE WERE-BEAST IS TRAPPED IN A RING OF VIOLENCE!
FRENZY IN FREEFALL!

John Jameson: astronaut, career soldier, and the son of newspaper mogul, J. Jonah Jameson. John Jameson: *cursed.* For when the rays of the moon touch the pendant that has grafted itself to his throat, John Jameson becomes a beast—

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MAN-WOLF!**™



MOONBOUND


MAN-WOLF: SAVAGE PROGENY OF THE MOON, HIS STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE VARIES ACCORDING TO LUNAR PHASES.
ABOARD THIS ORBITING SPACE WHEEL, MIDWAY TO THE MOON, NOTHING SHORT OF A MASSIVE ELECTRICAL SHOCK IS SUFFICIENT TO SUBDUE THE LUPINE BRUTE.

DAVID KRAFT WRITER	GEORGE PEREZ & FRED KIDA ILLUSTRATORS	DAVE HUNT, LETTERS / IRENE VARTANOFF, COLORS	LEN WEIN EDITOR

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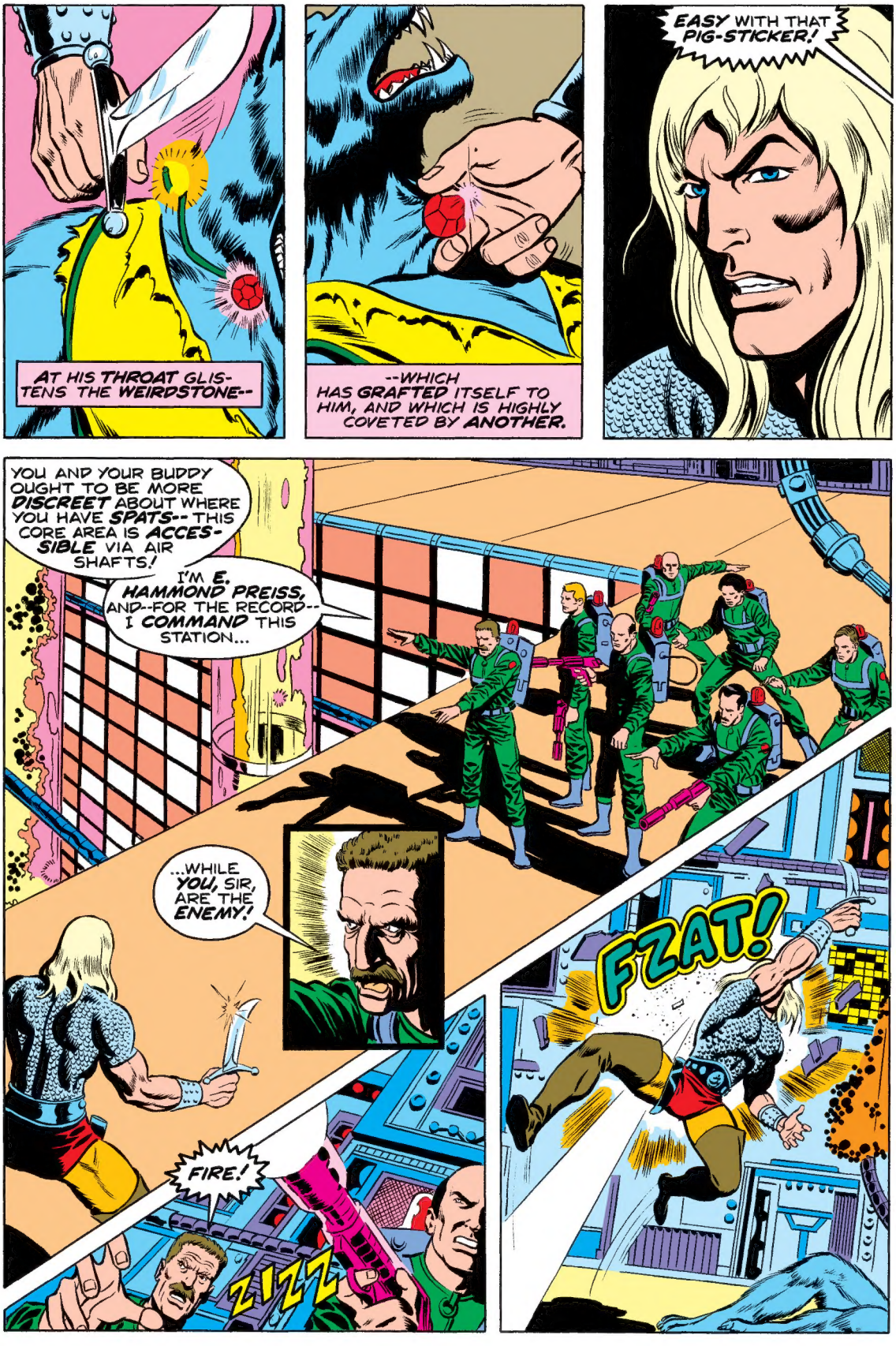
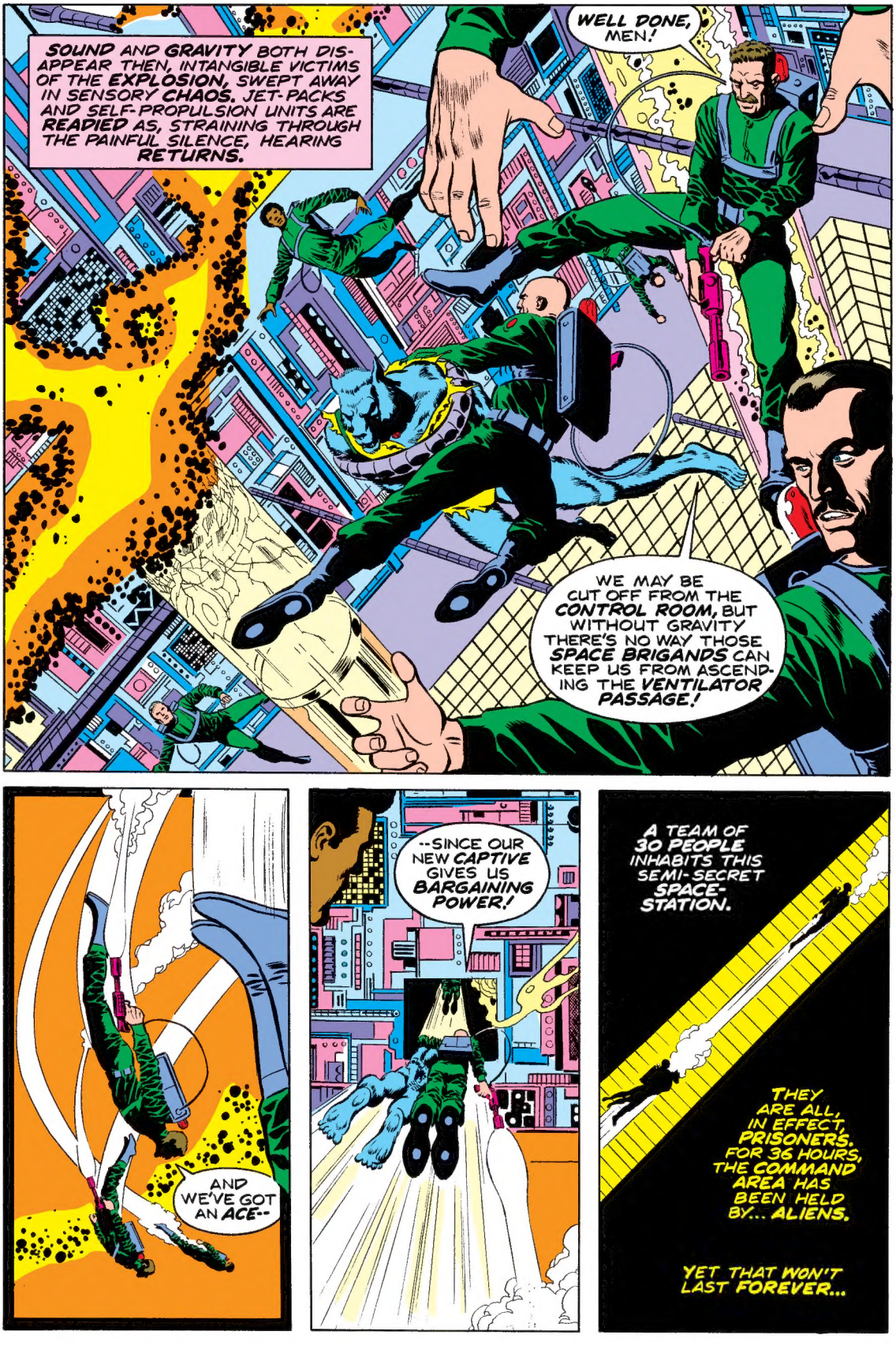
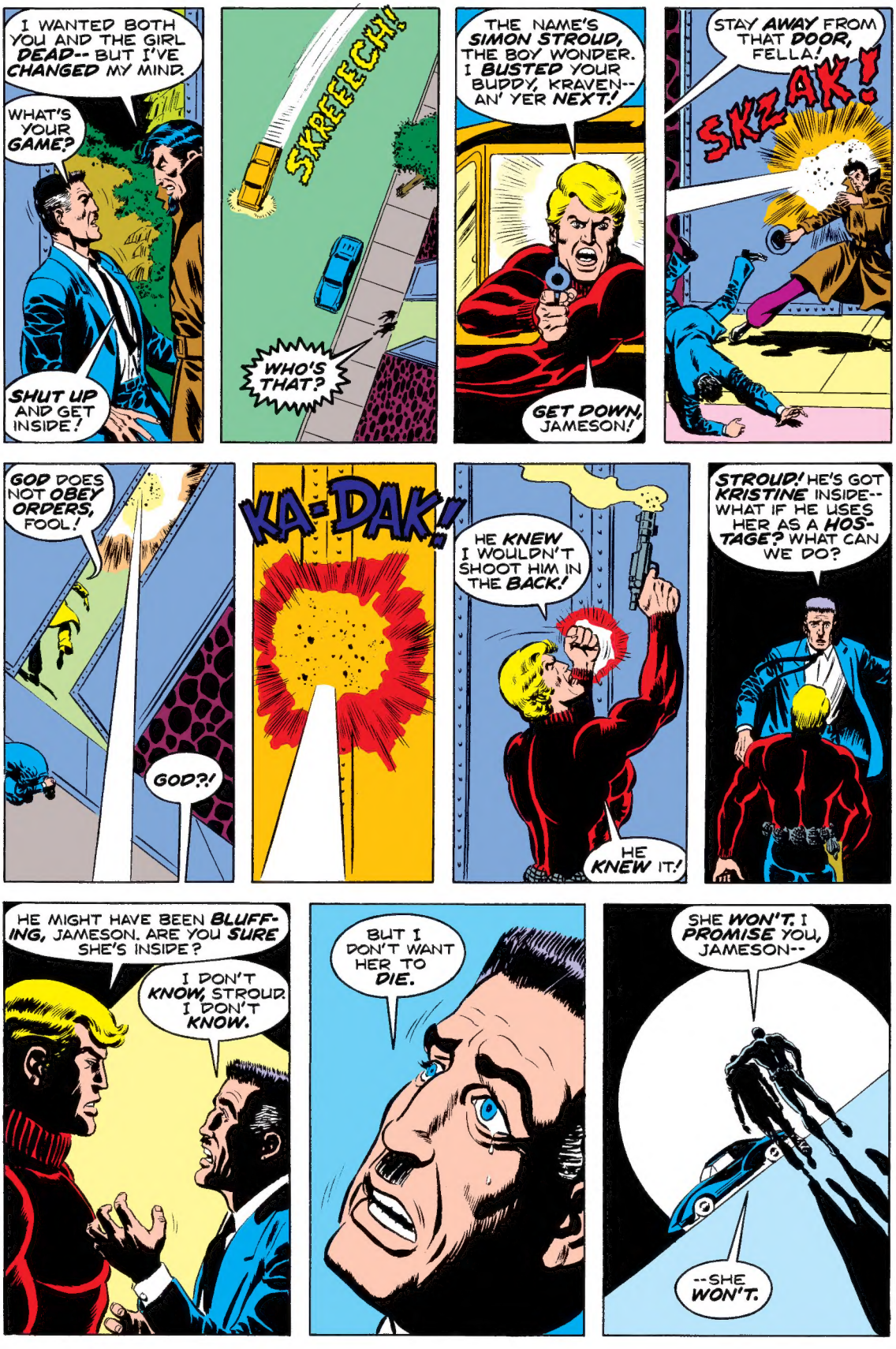

AT HIS THROAT GLISTENS THE WEIRDSTONE--
--WHICH HAS GRAFTED ITSELF TO HIM, AND WHICH IS HIGHLY COVETED BY ANOTHER.
EASY WITH THAT PIG-STICKER!
YOU AND YOUR BUDDY OUGHT TO BE MORE DISCREET ABOUT WHERE YOU HAVE SPATS-- THIS CORE AREA IS ACCESSIBLE VIA AIR SHAFTS!
I'M E. HAMMOND PREISS, AND--FOR THE RECORD-- I COMMAND THIS STATION...
...WHILE YOU, SIR, ARE THE ENEMY!
FIRE!
ZIZZ
FZAT!

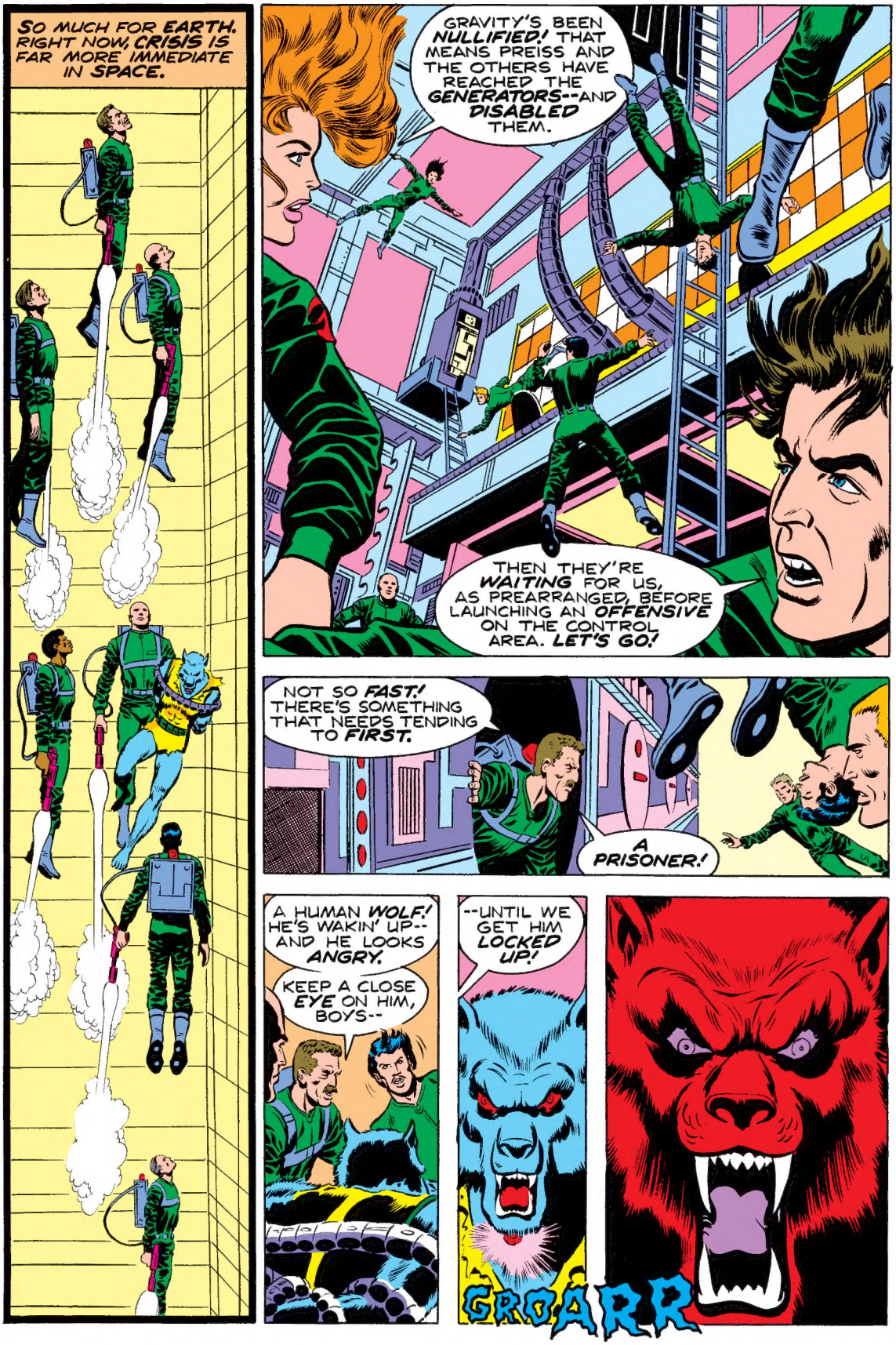
HOLD STILL, WILL YA? IT'S ONLY A ZIP-GUN FOR MANEUVERING IN ZERO GRAVITY.
THE MOST IT CAN DO IS STUN YA!
IF YOU'RE SERIOUSLY TRYING TO CONVINCE ME WITH THAT LINE--
--YOU'RE SOME JERK!
HEY! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!
YOU KNOW WHAT, PETE? YOU REALLY ARE A JERK!
NOW GET MOVING-- ALL OF YOU!
BE SURE SLEEPING BEAUTY IS TRUSSED UP NICE AND TIGHT--
--THEN GET OVER TO THOSE SOLAR-POWERED GENERATORS THAT PRODUCE THE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY FIELD--
--AND DO YOUR DAMNDEST TO DESTROY 'EM!
SIT TIGHT...
...'CAUSE THESE BABIES ARE GONNA GO--
DANGER
--ANY SECOND--
--NOW!
PVOM


SOUND AND GRAVITY BOTH DISAPPEAR THEN, INTANGIBLE VICTIMS OF THE EXPLOSION, SWEPT AWAY IN SENSORY CHAOS. JET-PACKS AND SELF-PROPULSION UNITS ARE READIED AS, STRAINING THROUGH THE PAINFUL SILENCE, HEARING RETURNS.
WELL DONE, MEN!
WE MAY BE CUT OFF FROM THE CONTROL ROOM, BUT WITHOUT GRAVITY THERE'S NO WAY THOSE SPACE BRIGANDS CAN KEEP US FROM ASCENDING THE VENTILATOR PASSAGE!
AND WE'VE GOT AN ACE--
--SINCE OUR NEW CAPTIVE GIVES US BARGAINING POWER!
A TEAM OF 30 PEOPLE INHABITS THIS SEMI-SECRET SPACE-STATION.
THEY ARE ALL, IN EFFECT, PRISONERS. FOR 36 HOURS, THE COMMAND AREA HAS BEEN HELD BY... ALIENS.
YET THAT WON'T LAST FOREVER...

ON EARTH, IT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY--
--AND EACH MAN BEHAVES ACCORDING TO HIS NATURE. ONE SLINGS WEBS.
ANOTHER PUBLISHES NEWSPAPERS.
AND YELLS.
DAILY BUGLE
KRISTINE SAUNDERS MISSING!
STORY ON PAGE 3
MISSING FOR THREE DAYS
FEAR CONNECTION WITH DISAPPEARANCE OF PUBLISHER'S SON
BLAST IT, KRISTINE'S BEEN GONE THREE DAYS--YOU HEAR ME, ROBBIE--THREE DAYS! AND I WON'T REST UNTIL SHE'S FOUND!
THAT MEATHEAD STROUD TRAILED ME 24 HOURS A DAY WHEN JOHN WAS AWOL--
--BUT WHERE IS HE NOW?
NOWHERE! I'M TELLING YOU, ROBBIE --I WANT ACTION!
WE'RE TRYING, MR. JAMESON, BUT THERE ARE NO CLUES. NOT EVEN THE FBI--
I DON'T WANT EXCUSES, ROBERTSON. I WANT HER LOCATED!
KRISTINE AND JOHN ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED--
--AND SO HELP ME--
--WHEN MY SON COMES BACK FROM THAT SPACEFLIGHT, I WANT THE TWO OF THEM TO BE REUNITED.
CALL ME IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING.
YES SIR, MR. JAMESON--
--AND GOODNIGHT.
I HAVE SOME INFORMATION THAT MAY INTEREST YOU, JONAH JAMESON.
WHO ARE YOU--
--AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

KRISTINE SAUNDERS IS ALIVE, AND IF YOU COME WITH ME--
I'LL...EH ...TAKE YOU TO HER!
MISTER, I'LL GO WITH YOU--
--BUT IF SHE'S BEEN HURT--
--OR IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF JOKE, BELIEVE ME --YOU'LL REGRET IT!
I SPEAK THE...EH... TRUTH.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
SOMEPLACE QUITE NEAR--
--YET EVER SO FAR!
HUH!?
SURPRISED, JAMESON?
SURELY YOU RECOG-NIZE THE PLACE WHERE KRAVEN THE HUNTER ALMOST HAD YOU AND YOUR SON'S FIANCE KILLED BY THE...EH...MAN WOLF!
THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN MOST IRONIC, SINCE YOUR SON JOHN IS THE MAN-WOLF!
YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT!
YOU'RE WRONG. HAVEN'T YOU...EH ...GUESSED WHO I AM YET?
KRAVEN SPOKE OF A--
THAT'S RIGHT.
I'M HIS...EH... MYSTERIOUS ASSOCIATE.


I WANTED BOTH YOU AND THE GIRL DEAD-- BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.
WHAT'S YOUR GAME?
SHUT UP AND GET INSIDE!
SKREEECH!
WHO'S THAT?
THE NAME'S SIMON STROUD, THE BOY WONDER. I BUSTED YOUR BUDDY, KRAVEN-- AN' YER NEXT!
GET DOWN, JAMESON!
STAY AWAY FROM THAT DOOR, FELLA!
SKZAK!
GOD DOES NOT OBEY ORDERS, FOOL!
GOD?!
KA-DAK!
HE KNEW I WOULDN'T SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK!
HE KNEW IT!
STROUD! HE'S GOT KRISTINE INSIDE-- WHAT IF HE USES HER AS A HOSTAGE? WHAT CAN WE DO?
HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BLUFFING, JAMESON. ARE YOU SURE SHE'S INSIDE?
I DON'T KNOW, STROUD. I DON'T KNOW.
BUT I DON'T WANT HER TO DIE.
SHE WON'T. I PROMISE YOU, JAMESON--
--SHE WON'T.


SO MUCH FOR EARTH. RIGHT NOW, CRISIS IS FAR MORE IMMEDIATE IN SPACE.
GRAVITY'S BEEN NULLIFIED! THAT MEANS PREISS AND THE OTHERS HAVE REACHED THE GENERATORS--AND DISABLED THEM.
THEN THEY'RE WAITING FOR US, AS PREARRANGED, BEFORE LAUNCHING AN OFFENSIVE ON THE CONTROL AREA. LET'S GO!
NOT SO FAST! THERE'S SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TENDING TO FIRST.
A PRISONER!
A HUMAN WOLF! HE'S WAKIN' UP--AND HE LOOKS ANGRY.
KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HIM, BOYS--
--UNTIL WE GET HIM LOCKED UP!
GROARRR

LOCKED UP? NOT LIKELY, FOR THE MAN-WOLF HAS BECOME INVINCIBLE!
HIS INCREASING PROXIMITY TO THE MOON HAS BROUGHT ON INCREASED POWER!
KRAK
MAN-WOLF IS CONFUSED AND ENRAGED BY THE UNFAMILIAR ENVIRONMENT. IT SEEMS TO HIM THAT HE IS AMONG ENEMIES. ERGO, HE ATTACKS!
I GOT HIM FOR SURE!
ARRR
SKRUNCH
DID...DID YOU SEE THAT?
I SAW. AND THE ONLY "WEAPONS" WE HAVE ARE THESE ZIP-GUNS--AND OUR STRENGTH OF NUMBERS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
IF I FIRE--
--I RISK HITTING OUR OWN PEOPLE!
ZOM!
BACK OFF, MEN!
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE--

--'CAUSE I WANT A **CLEAR SHOT** AT OUR GRUESOME...**GUEST!** BE READY TO FIRE IN **UNISON** WHEN I GIVE THE **WORD.**

BUT HE'S GOT **REYNOLDS!**

AIM LOW!

MOON RADIATION. IN SOME UNNATURAL WAY, IT ACTS THROUGH THE GLOWING **PENDANT** THAT CLINGS LIKE A BLOOD-GORGED PARASITE TO **JOHN JAMESON'S** BREAST AND IT BRINGS **CHANGE...**

...**METAMORPHOSIS** FROM HUMAN INTO SURREAL **MAN-WOLF.** AND THE SHEER BRUTAL **SAVAGERY** AND ABNORMAL **STRENGTH** OF THAT LUPINE NIGHTBEAST INCREASES IN DIRECT PROPORTION OF THE **AMOUNT** OF MOON RADIATION **RECEIVED!**

E. HAMMOND PREISS DOES NOT KNOW THIS, NOR DO THE OTHERS WHO ASSAIL THE MAN-WOLF! THEY ONLY KNOW THAT HE IS **DANGEROUS,** THAT HE MUST BE **SUBDUED,** AND THUS THE FATAL COMMAND IS **GIVEN.**

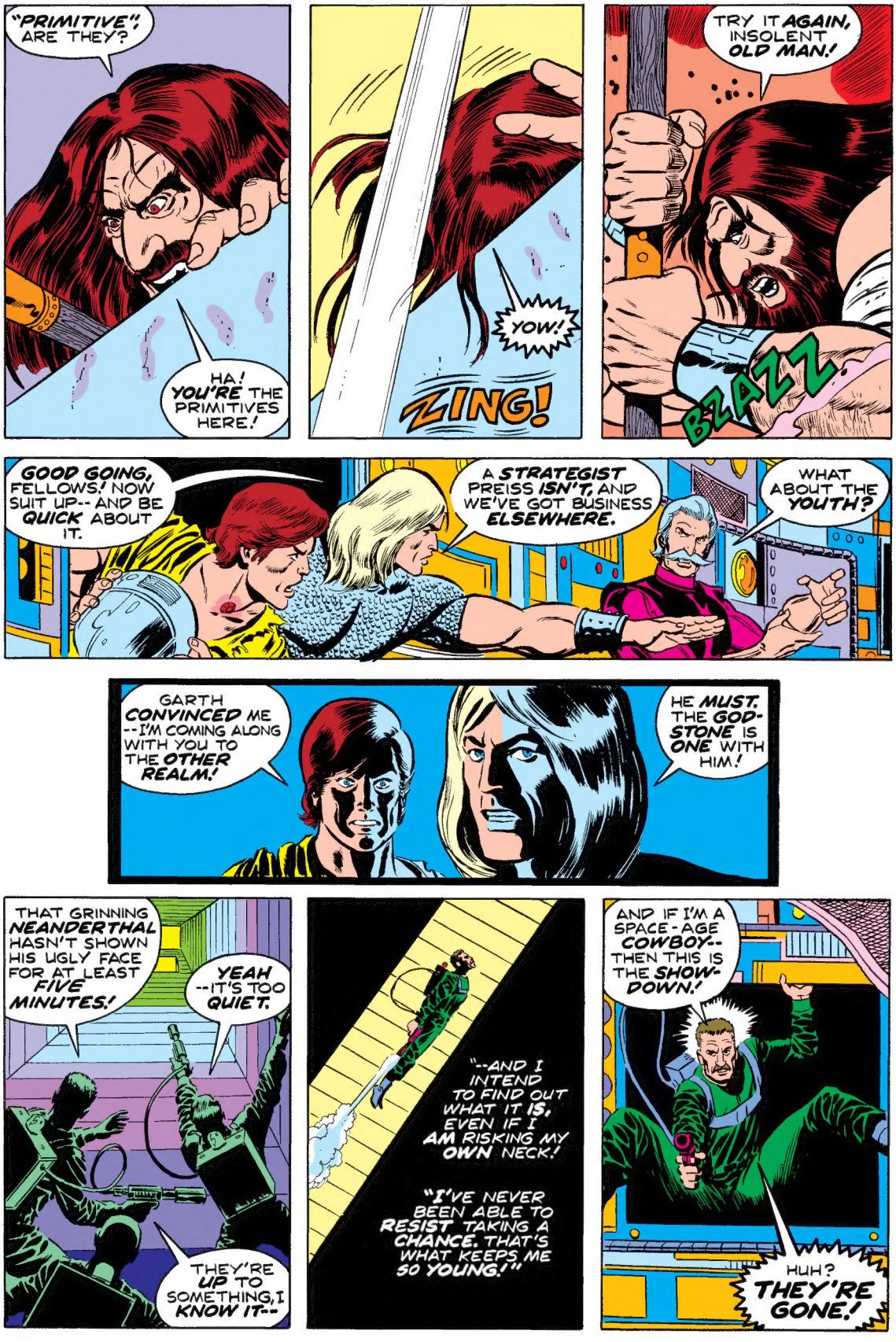
"FIRE!"

TOO LATE.
SPAK!
TANYA, GET BACK!
FOR, EVEN IN ZERO-GRAVITY--
--THE MAN-WOLF IS QUICK BEYOND BELIEF.
NO!
SAVE THE ROMANCE FOR LATER! WE'RE FIGHTING...
WUK!
...REMEMBER?
RRR
INDEED. YET IT TOOK A TREMENDOUS JOLT OF ELECTRICITY JUST TO STUN THE MAN-BEAST.
HE IS BEYOND DEFEAT.
EXCEPT, THAT IS--
--FOR THE INEVITABLE:
MOON-DOWN.
JUMP HIM WHILE HE'S HESITATING!
NOW!
C'MON-- HUSTLE HIM INSIDE HERE. IF HE CAN RIP THROUGH LEAD AND STEEL A FOOT THICK--
--THEN I'M FROM NEBRASKA.
WE'VE GOT A SMALL-SCALE WAR WAITING FOR US, SO LET'S GO!
X-RAY CHAMBER

OF COURSE, "EVERYTHING IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR"... INCLUDING SURVEILLANCE.
YON NATIVES HAVE OUT-WITTED THE BRUTE.
A SIMPLE TASK AT BEST.
AND YET ONE AT WHICH YOU FAILED PAINFULLY, GOR!*
*LAST ISH.--LEN.
STUFF IT, BLONDIE! THE BEAST CHEATED. I AIN'T EXACTLY AN EASY MARK!
OH?
ARE YOU MAKIN' FUN OF ME?
NO, JUST TRYING FOR SOME INTELLI-GENT CONVER-SATION--
--YOU OAF.
THEN MAYBE I'LL LET MY STAFF DO MY TALKIN' FOR ME!
ENOUGH. THIS IS NO TIME FOR BANTER.
PREISS AND HIS MEN ARE ON THE WAY.
ALL OF 'EM?
ALL SAVE TWO--
--LEFT BEHIND WITH THE BEAST.
METHINKS I SENSE A WAY--
--TO OBTAIN THE GODSTONE AND BE OFF THIS STATION.
EXACTLY.
WHILE THEY TRY TO ENTER VIA THE AIRSHAFT, I'LL USE THE CORRIDORS TO REACH THE MAN-WOLF AND BRING HIM BACK HERE! MONITOR ME, LAMBERT.
AS FOR YOU, GORJOON--
--HOLD DOWN THE FORT WHILE I'M GONE!
DON'T WORRY, GARTH --I WOULDN'T EVEN THINK OF LEAVIN' WITHOUT YA!

AND, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SPACE WHEEL...
PREISS ORDERED ME TO X-RAY THE CREATURE SO THAT, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS--
--WE HAVE PROOF THAT THERE WERE ALIENS ABOARD!
BUT NOT EVEN HE'S GONNA BELIEVE THIS!
THE MAN-WOLF HAS CHANGED... BECOME MORE HUMAN, RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES!
WHERE AM I? LAST I REMEMBER... I WAS OUTSIDE THE STATION. SOMEONE MUST HAVE HELPED ME HERE TO THE X-RAY LAB!
THAT MEANS --THEY KNOW I'M THE MAN-WOLF!
OKAY, OPEN UP-- IT'S SAFE NOW! WHY SO SILENT --DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
I'M COL. JOHN JAMESON.
NO YOU'RE NOT! THAT'S WHAT YOU'D LIKE ME TO BELIEVE-- BUT THE TRICK IS A LITTLE TOO OBVIOUS.
YOU LOOK LIKE HIM-- EVEN SOUND LIKE HIM --BUT I AIN'T CONVINCED.
HEY, I REMEMBER YOU-- JERSEY COOPER! YOU WERE IN TRAINING AT THE CAPE WHEN I RETURNED THERE FROM MY LAST MOON-FLIGHT.
DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
JOHN?
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M THE BOY NASA SENT UP HERE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG, SO LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME!
OKAY?
LORD! I WANT TO LET YOU OUT, BUT I'M JUST NOT SURE, JOHN. HOW CAN I BE SURE?

YOU CAN'T!
JERSEY?
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
"JERSEY" JUST TOOK A NAP, SO THAT WE CAN ESCAPE!
WHO--?
I'M GARTH, AND LAST TIME WE MET, YOU WEREN'T SO ARTICULATE OR SO HUMAN! IF NOT FOR THE GODSTONE, I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU!
"COME ON! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, AND I'LL EXPLAIN AS WE GO."
HARK YE--
--THEY START BACK, GORJOON!
WHAT DO I CARE, LAMBERT-- THIS IS SPORT SUCH AS I ENJOY BUT RARELY--
KHAK
--AND I WOULD AS SOON PROLONG IT TO THE UTMOST!
OKAY, THE JIG IS UP--SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY! YOUR PRIMITIVE SWORDS AND STAFFS ARE OBSOLETE AGAINST ZIP-GUNS!
ZZ IZZ!
SKRAKT


"PRIMITIVE", ARE THEY?
HA! YOU'RE THE PRIMITIVES HERE!
YOW!
ZING!
TRY IT AGAIN, INSOLENT OLD MAN!
BLAZZ
GOOD GOING, FELLOWS! NOW SUIT UP-- AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
A STRATEGIST PREISS ISN'T, AND WE'VE GOT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.
WHAT ABOUT THE YOUTH?
GARTH CONVINCED ME --I'M COMING ALONG WITH YOU TO THE OTHER REALM!
HE MUST. THE GOD-STONE IS ONE WITH HIM!
THAT GRINNING NEANDERTHAL HASN'T SHOWN HIS UGLY FACE FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES!
YEAH --IT'S TOO QUIET.
THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING, I KNOW IT--
"--AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS, EVEN IF I AM RISKING MY OWN NECK!
"I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO RESIST TAKING A CHANCE. THAT'S WHAT KEEPS ME SO YOUNG!"
AND IF I'M A SPACE-AGE COWBOY-- THEN THIS IS THE SHOW-DOWN!
HUH? THEY'RE GONE!

BUT HOW COULD THEY? WE STILL HOLD ONE OF THEM CAPTIVE!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
"...UNLESS THEY'RE GOING AFTER REINFORCEMENTS.
"BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, ANYWAY-- AND WHY?"
YOU VOLUNTEERED FOR THE TRIP--NOW QUIT BELLYACHIN' AN' LAY A COURSE FOR THE MOON, BEFORE I GET VIOLENT!
ALL RIGHT, I WILL.
"BUT I... CAN'T CONTROL... THE CHANGE..."
...AND THE SHIP ...IT'S GOING TO... CRASH!
WHAT?
RRRGG

SIMULTANEOUSLY, ABOARD THE SPACE WHEEL...
JERSEY--LOOK AT THIS X-RAY!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
THAT STONE IS... SYMBIOTIC! ALIEN! IT CO-EXISTS WITH JOHN JAMESON IN HIS OWN BODY--BUT FOR WHAT SINISTER PURPOSE?
BULLETIN:
SEE OUR LETTERS' SECTION FOR A SPECIAL BULLPEN MESSAGE!